I’m starting, again,
I’m moving, I’m learning
I’m hoping, it is not hopeless

All the time I thought was lost
Wasn’t there just for naught
It actually meant something

I’ll figure it out soon, maybe
I will understand why
I will identify

I will discern, I will tell
All that has been done
The knot will be gone

Still, there’s much to say
Even now, so much to pray
Mostly I still need the help
Always need a lent hand